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THE BARDSTOWN HERALD.

JAMES D. NOURSE,
EDITOR.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Science, Commerce and News.

JAS. L. W. ELLIS,
PUBLISHER.

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NO. 40.

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THURSDAY, - - OCTOBER 21.

SOMETHING RICH.

MY DEBUT AT THE BAR.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

My client was a respectable butcher: his opponent a well-to-do farmer. On getting to the Court-house I found the court in session. The clerk was just reading the minutes. My case—I can well speak in the singular—was set the first on the docket for that morning. I looked around and saw old Kasm, who somehow had found out I was in the case, with his green bag and half a library of books on the bar before him. The old fellow gave me a look of malicious pleasure—like that of a hungry tiger from his lair, cast upon an unsuspecting calf browsing near him. I had tried to put on a bold face. I felt that it would be very unprofessional to let on to my client that I was at all scared, though my heart was running down like a jack-screw under a heavy wagon. My conscience—I had not practiced it away then—was not quite easy. I couldn't help feeling that it was hardly honest to be leading my client, like Falstaff his men, where he was sure to be peppered. But then it was my only chance; my bread depended upon it; and I reflected that the same thing had to happen to every lawyer's practice. I tried to arrange my ideas in form and exogitate a speech; they filtered through my brain in odds and ends. I could neither think nor quit thinking. I would lose myself in the first twenty words of the opening sentence, and stop at a particle;—the trail run clean out. I would start it again with no better luck; then I thought a moment of the disgrace of a dead-break-down; and then I would commence again with "Gentlemen of the jury" etc., and go on as before.

At length the judge signed the minutes and took up the docket: "Special case—Higginbotham vs. Swink. Slander. Mr. Glendye for plaintiff; Mr. Kasm for defendant. Is Mr. G. in court? Call him, Sheriff." The Sheriff called three times. He might as well have called the dead. No answer, of course, came. Mr. Kasm rose and told the court that he was sorry his brother was too much [stroking his chin and looking down and pausing] indisposed, or otherwise engaged, to attend the case; but he must insist on its being disposed of, etc.: the court said it should be. I then spoke up, though my voice seemed to be very low down, and very hard to get it up, that I had just been spoken to in the cause; I believed we were ready, if the cause must be tried; but I should much prefer it to be laid over, if the court would consent, until the next day, or even that evening. Kasm protested vehemently against this; reminded the court of its preceptory order; referred to the former proceedings, and was going on to discuss the whole merits of the case, when he was interrupted by the judge, who, turning himself to me, remarked that he should be happy to oblige me, but that he was precluded by what had happened; he hoped, however, that the counsel on the other side would extend the desired indulgence; to which Kasm immediately rejoined that this was a case in which he neither asked favors nor meant to give them. So the case went on. Several members of the bar had their hats in hand, ready

to leave the room when the case was called up; but seeing that I was in it alone, suffered their curiosity to get the better of other engagements, and staid to see it out—a circumstance which did not diminish my trepidation in the least.

I had the witnesses called up, posted my client behind me in the bar, and put the case to the jury. The defendant had pleaded justification, and not guilty. I got along pretty well. I thought, on the proofs. The cross-examination of old Kasm didn't seem to me to hurt anything—though he quibbled, misconstrued and bullied mightily; objected to all my questions as leading, and all the witnesses' answers as irrelevant; but the judge, who don't like Kasm much, helped me along and over the bad places, occasionally taking the examination himself when old Kasm had got the statements of the witnesses in a fog.

I had a strong case; the plaintiff showed a good character: that the lodge of Masons had refused to admit him to fellowship until he could clear up these charges; that the Methodist Church, of which he was a class leader, had required of him to have these charges judicially settled; that he had offered to satisfy the defendant that they were false, and proposed to refer it to disinterested men, and to be satisfied—if they decided for him—to receive a written retraction, in which the defendant should only declare he was mistaken: that the defendant refused this proffer, and reiterated the charges with increased bitterness and aggravated insult; that the plaintiff had suffered in reputation and credit; that the defendant had declared he meant to run him off and buy his land at his [defendant's] own price; and that defendant was rich, and often repeated his slanders at public meetings, and once at the church door, and, finally, *now justified*.

The defendant's testimony was weak, it did not controvert the proof as to the speaking of the words, or the matters of aggravation. Many witnesses were examined as to the character of the plaintiff; but those against us only referred to what they had heard since the slanders, except one, who was unfriendly. Some witnesses spoke of butchering hogs at night, and hearing them squeal at a late hour at the plaintiff's slaughter-house; and of the dead hogs they had seen with various marks, and something of hogs having been stolen in the neighborhood.

This was about all the proof.

The plaintiff laid his damage at \$10,000.

I rose to address the jury. By this time a good deal of excitement had worn off. The tremor left, only gave me that sort of feeling which is rather favorable than otherwise to a public speaker.

I might have made a pretty good out of it, if I had thrown myself upon the merits of my case, acknowledged modestly my own inexperience, plainly stated the evidence and the law, and let the case go—reserving myself in the conclusion for a *splurge*, if I chose to make one. But the evil genius that presides over the first bantlings of all lawyerlings, would have it otherwise. The citizens of the town, and those of the country then in the village, had gathered in great numbers into the court house to hear the speeches; and I could not miss such an opportunity for display.

Looking over the jury, I found them a plain, matter-of-fact looking set of fellows; but I did not note, or probably know, a fact or two about them, which I found out afterwards.

I started, as I thought, in pretty good style. As I went on, however, my fancy got the better of my judgement. Argument and common sense grew tame. Poetry and declamation, and at last, pathos and fiery invective, took their place. I grew as quotations as Richard Swiveller. Shakespeare suffered. I quoted, among other things of less value and aptness, "He who steals my purse steals trash," etc. I spoke of the woful sufferings of my poor client, almost hear: broken beneath the weight of the terrible persecution of his enemy; and, growing bolder, I turned on old Kasm, and congratulated the jury that the genius of slander had found an appropriate defender in the genius of chicane and malignity. I complimented the jury on their intelligence—on their intelligence—on their estimate of the value of character; spoke of the public expectation—of the

feeling outside of the box which would welcome with thundering plaudits the righteous verdict the jury would render; and wound up by declaring that I had never known a case of slander so aggravated in the course of my practice at that bar; and felicitated myself that its grossness and barbarity justified my client in relying even upon the youth and inexperience of an unpracticed advocate, whose poverty of resources was unaided by opportunities of previous preparation. Much more I said that happily has now escaped me.

When I concluded, Sam Hicks and one or two other friends gave a faint sigh of applause—but not enough to make any impression.

I observed that old Kasm held his head down while I was speaking. I entertained the hope that I had cowed him! His usual port was that of cynical composure, or bold and brazen defiance. It was a special kindness if he only smiled in covert scorn: that was his most amiable expression in a trial.

But when he raised up his head I saw the very devil was to pay. His face was of a burning red. He seemed almost to choke with rage. His eyes were blood-shot, and flamed out fire and fury. His *quene* stuck out behind and shook itself stiffly, like a buffalo-bull's tail, when he is about making a fatal plunge. I had struck him between wind and water. There was an audacity in a stripling like me bearding him, which infuriated him. He meant to massacre me—and wanted to be a long time doing it. It was to be a regular *auto da fe*. I was to be the representative of the young bar, and to expiate his malice against all. The court adjourned for dinner. It met again, after an hour's recess.

By this time, the public interest, and especially that of the bar, grew very great. There was a rush to the privileged seats, and the sheriff had to command order—the shuffling of the feet and the pressure of the crowd forward was so great.

I took my seat within the bar, looked around with an affection of indifference so bellying the perturbation within that the same power of acting on the stage would have made my fortune on that theater.

Kasm rose—took a glass of water: his hand trembled a little—I could see that; took a pinch of snuff, and led off in a voice slow and measured, but slightly—very slightly tremulous. By a strong effort he had recovered his composure. The bar was surprised at his calmness. They all knew it was affected; but they wondered that he could affect it. Nobody was deceived by it. We felt assured "it was the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below." I thought it would come down on me in a tempest, and flattered myself it would soon be over. But malice is cunning. He had no idea of letting me off so easily.

He commenced by saying that he had been some years in the practice. He would not say he was an old man: that would be in bad taste, perhaps. The young gentleman who had just closed his remarkable speech, harangue, poetic effusion, rignarole, or whatever it might be called, if, indeed, any name could be safely given to this motley mixture of incongruous slang—the young gentleman evidently did not think he was an old man, for he could hardly have been guilty of such rank indecency as to have treated age with such disrespect—he would not say with such insufferable impertinence; and yet "I am," he continued, "of age enough to recollect, if I had charged my memory with so inconsiderable an event, the day of his birth, and then I was in full practice in this court-house."

I confess though, gentlemen, I am old enough to remember the period when a youth's first appearance at the bar was not dignified by impertinence towards his seniors; and when public opinion did not think flutulent bombast and florid trash, picked out of fifth-rate romances and namby-pamby rhymes, redeemed by the upstart sauciness of a raw popinjay, towards the inexperienced members of the profession he disgraced.

And yet, to some extent, this ranting youth may be right: I am not old in that sense which disables me from defending myself *here*, by words, or *elsewhere*, if need be, by blows; and that this young gentleman shall right well know before I have done with him. You will bear in mind, gentlemen, that what I say is in self-defence—that I did not begin this quarrel—that I was forced upon me, and that I am bound by no restraints of courtesy, or of respect, or of kindness. Let him charge me to the account of his own rashness and rudeness, whatever he receives in return therefor.

"Let me retort on this youth that he is a worthy advocate of his butcher client. He fights with the dirty weapons of his barbarous trade, and brings into his speech the reeking odour of his client's slaughter-house."

"Perhaps something of this congeniality commended him to the notice of his worthy client, and to this, his first retainer; and no wonder, for when we heard his vehement roaring, we might have supposed his client had brought his most unruly bull-calf into court to defend him, had not the matter of the roaring soon convinced us that the animal was more remarkable for the length of his lungs. Perhaps the young gentleman has taken his retainer, and contracted for butchering my client

on the same terms as his client contracts in his line—that is, on shares. But I think, gentlemen, he will find the contract a more dirty than profitable job. Or, perhaps, it might not be uncharitable to suggest that his client, who seems to be pretty well up to the business of *saving other people's bacon*, may have desired, as far as possible, to save his own; and, therefore, turning from members of the bar who would have charged him for their services according to their value, took this occasion of getting off some of his stale wares; for has not Shakespeare said—[the gentleman will allow me to quote Shakespeare, too, while yet his reputation survives his barbarous mouthing of the poet's words]—he knew an attorney 'who would defend a cause for a starved hen, or leg of mutton fly-blown.' I trust, however, whatever was the contract, that the gentleman will make his equally worthy client stand up to it; for I should like that on one occasion it might be said the excellent butcher was made to pay for his *swine*.

"I find it difficult, gentlemen, to reply to any part of the young man's effort, except his argument, which is the smallest part in compass, and, next to his pathos, the most amusing. His figures of speech are some of them quite good, and have been so considered by the best judges for the last thousand years. I must confess, that as to these, I find no other fault than that they were badly applied and ridiculously pronounced; and this further fault, that they have become so commonplace by constant use, that, unless some new vamping or felicity of application be given them, they tire nearly as much as his original matter—*videlicet*, that matter which being more ridiculous than we have ever heard before, carries internal evidence of its being his own. Indeed, it was never hard to tell when the gentleman resorted to his own ideas. He is like a catbird—the only intolerable discord she makes being her own notes—though she gets on well enough as long as she copies and cobbles the songs of other warblers.

"But, gentlemen, if this young orator's argument was amusing, what shall I say of his pathos? What force ever equalled the fun of it? The play of 'The Liar,' probably, approached nearest to it—not only in the humor—but in the veracious character of the incidents from which the humor comes. Such a face—so we before, so whimpering, as if the short period since he was flugged at school, [probably in reference to those eggs falsely charged to the hound puppy—I had neither obliterated the remembrance of his juvenile affliction, nor the looks he bore when he endured it.

"There was something exquisite in his pictures of the woes, the wasting grief of his discolored client, the butcher Higginbotham, mourning—as Rachel mourned for her children—for his character, because it was not. Gentlemen, look at him! Why, he weighs twelve stone now! He has three inches of fat on his ribs this minute! He would make as many links of sausage as any hog that ever squealed at midnight in his slaughter-pen, and has laid enough in him to cook it all! Look at his face, why, his cheeks remind a hungry man of jowls and greens. If this is a sawdow, in the name of propriety, why didn't he show himself, when in flesh, at the last fair, beside the Kentucky ox; that were a more honest way of making a living than stealing hogs. But Hig is pining in grief! I wonder the poetic youth's learned counsel—did not quote Shakespeare again. 'He never told his woe—but let concealment, like the worm in the bud, prey on his damask cheek.' He looked like patience on a monument smiling at grief—or beef I should rather say. But, gentlemen, probably I am wrong; it may be that this tender-hearted, sensitive butcher, was lean before, and, like Falstaff, throws the blame of his fat on sorrow and sighing, which 'has puffed him up like a bladder. [Here Higginbotham left in disgust.]

"There, gentlemen, he goes, 'larding the lean earth as he walks along.' Well has Doctor Johnson said: 'Who kills fat oxen should himself be fat.' Poor Hig! stuffed like one of his own blood-puddings, with a dropsical grief which nothing short of ten thousand dollars of Swink's money can cure. Well, as grief puffs him up, don't wonder that he is not puffing but depleting another man can cure him.

"And now, gentlemen, I come to the blood and thunder part of this young gentleman's harangue: empty and vivid; words, and nothing else. If any part of his rignarole was winder than any other part, this was it: He turned himself into a cascade, making a great deal of noise to make a great deal of froth: tumbling, roaring, foaming; the shallower it ran the noisier it seemed. He fretted and knitted his brows; he beat the air and he vociferated, always emphasizing the meaningless words most loudly; he puffed, swelled out and blowed off, until he seemed like a new bellows, all brass and wind. How he mouthed it—as those villainous stage-players, ranting out fustian in a barn-there mimicking—'Who steals my purse steals trash.' [I don't deny it.] 'This something, [query] 'nothing,' [exactly]. 'This mine; 'twas his, and has been slave to thousands—but he who filches from me my good name, robs me of that which not enricheth him [not in the least] but makes me poor, indeed; [just so; but whether any

poorer than before he parted with the encumbrance, is another matter.]

"But the young gentleman refers to his youth. He ought not to reproach us of maturer age in that indirect way: no one would have suspected it of him, or him of it; if he had not told it; indeed, from hearing him speak, we were prepared to give him credit for almost any length of ears. But does not the youth remember that Grotius was only seventeen when he was in full practice, and that he was Attorney-general at twenty-two; and what is Grotius to this greater light? Not the burning of my smoke-house to the conflagration of Moscow!

"And yet, young Grotius tells us in the next breath, that he never knew such a slander in the course of his practice? Wonderful, indeed! seeing that his practice has all been done within the last six hours. Why, to hear him talk, you would suppose he was an old Continental lawyer, grown gray in the service. H-i-s p-r-a-c-t-i-c-e! Why, he is just in his legal swaddling clothes! His Practice! But I don't wonder he can't see the absurdity of such talk. How long does it take one of the canine tribe, after birth, to open his eyes?"

"He talked, too, of outside influence; of the public expectations, and all that sort of Demagoguism. I observed no evidence of any great popular demonstrations in his favor, unless it be a tailor I saw stamping his feet; but whether that was because he had got cross legged so long he wanted exercise, or was rejoicing because he had got orders for a new suit, or prospect of payment for an old one, the gentleman can possibly tell better than I can. [Here Hicks left.] However, if this case is to be decided by the populace here, the gentleman will allow me the benefit of a writ of error to the regimental muster, to be held, next Friday, at Reinher's distillery.

"But I suppose he meant to frighten you into a verdict, by intimating that the mob, frenzied by his eloquence, would tear you to pieces if you gave a verdict for defendant; like the equally eloquent barrister out west, who, concluding a case, said, 'Gentlemen, my client is as innocent of stealing that cutting, as the sun at noonday, and if you give it again him, his brother, Sam Ketchins, next muster, will maul every mother's son of you.' I hope the Sheriff will see to his duty and keep the crowd from you, gentlemen, if you should give us a verdict!

"But, gentlemen, I am tired of winnowing chaff; I have not had the reward paid by Gratiano for sitting his discourse: the two grains of wheat to the bushel. It is all froth—all wind—all bubble."

Kasm left me here for a time, and turned upon my client. Poor Higginbotham caught it thick and heavy. He wailed him, then skinned him, and then took to skinning off the under cuticle. He never skinned a beef so thoroughly. He put together all the facts about the witness hearing the hogs squealing at night; the different marks of the hogs; the losses in the neighborhood; perverted the testimony and supplied omission, until you would suppose, on hearing him, that it had been fully proved that poor Hig had stolen all the meat he had ever sold in the market. He asserted that this suit was a malicious conspiracy between the Methodists and Masons to crush his client. But all this I leave out, as not bearing on the main subject—myself.

He came back to me with a renewed appetite. He said he would conclude by paying his valedictory respects to his juvenile friend—as this was the last time he ever expected to have the pleasure of meeting him.

"That poetic young gentleman had said, that by your verdict against his client, you would blight forever his reputation and that of his family—that you would bend down the spirit of his son, and dim the radiance of his blooming daughter's beauty. Very pretty, upon my word! But, gentlemen, not so fine, not so poetical by half, as a precious morsel of poetry which adorns the columns of the village newspaper, bearing the initials J. C. R. As this admirable production has excited a great deal of applause in the nurseries and boarding schools, I must beg to read it, he has already seen it: but for the entertainment of the jury. It is addressed to R*** B***, a young lady of this place. Here it goes."

Judge my horror when, on looking up, I saw him take an old newspaper from his pocket, and, pulling down his spectacles, begin to read, in a stage-actor style, some verses I had written for Rose Bell's album. Rose had been worrying me for sometime to write her something. To get rid of her importunities, I had scribbled off a few lines and copied them in that precious volume. Rose, the little fool, took them for something clever, (she never had more than a chimeful full of brains in her doll-baby-head)—and was so tickled with them, that she got her brother Bill, then about fourteen, to copy them off, as well as he could, and take them to the printing-office. Bill threw them under the door; the printer, as big a fool as either not only published them, but in his infernal kindness, puffed them in some critical commendations of his own, referring to the 'gifted author' as 'one of the most promising of the younger members of our bar.'

The fun, by this time, grew fast and furious. The country people, who

have about as much sympathy for a young town lawyer, badgered by an old one, as for a young cub beset by curs; and who have about as much idea or respect for poetry as for witchcraft, joined in the mirth with the glee.—They crowded around old Kasm, and stamped and roared as at a circus. The Judge and Sheriff in vain tried to keep order. Indeed, his honor smiled out loud once or twice; and, to cover his retreat, pretended to cough, and fined the sheriff for not keeping silence in court. Even the old clerk, whose immemorial pen behind his right ear had worn the hair from that side of his head, and who had not smiled in court for twenty years, and boasted that Patrick Henry could't disturb him in making up a judgment entry, actually turned his chair from the desk and put down his pen; afterwards he put his hand to his head three times in search of it; forgetting, in his attention to old Kasm, what he had done with it.

Old Kasm went on reading and commenting by turns. I forgot what the ineffable trash was. I wouldn't recollect it if I could. My equanimity will only stand a phrase or two that still lingers in my memory, fixed there by old Kasm's ridicule. I had said something about "my bosom's anguish"—about the passion that was consuming me; and, to illustrate it, or to make the line jingle, put in something about "Egypt's Queen taking the Asp to her bosom"—which, for the sake of rhyme or metre, I called the "venomous worm"—how the confounded thing was brought in, I neither know or want to know. When old Kasm came to that, he said he fully appreciated what the young bard said—he believed it. He spoke of the venomous worms. Now, if he (Kasm) might presume to give the young gentleman advice, he would recommend Swain's Patent Vermifuge. He had no doubt that it would effectually cure him of his malady, his love, and last, but not least, of his rhymes—which would be the happiest passage in his eventful history. I couldn't stand it any longer. I had borne it to the last point of human endurance. When it came only to skinning, I was there; but when he showered down aquafortis on the raw, and then seemed disposed to rub it in, I fled. *Abii, erupsi, evasi*. The last thing I heard was old Kasm calling me back, amidst the shouts of the audience—but no more.

The next information I received of the case, was in a letter that came to me at Natchez, my new residence, from Hicks, about a month afterwards, telling me that the jury (on which I should have stated old Kasm had got two infidels and four anti-masons) had given in a verdict for defendant: that before the court adjourned, Frank Glendye had got sober, and moved for a new trial, on the ground that the verdict was against evidence, and that the plaintiff had not had justice, by reason of the incompetency of his counsel, and the abandonment of his cause; and that he got a new trial, (as well as we should have done.)

Suppose General Scott were the Democratic, and General Pierce the Whig, candidate, good heavens! how would the Democrats not ride over us! What terrible war-horse would they bestride! With what ineffable scorn and contempt would they not overwhelm our fainting hero! Let us imagine, if possible, a few of the Enquirer's paragraphs, in that contingency:

"Pierce and Scott! Good God—was there ever such a contrast! They infatuated Whigs are surely moon-struck! Fatuity and folly could no farther go. Did they really suppose that any intelligent patriot, grateful for great services, could a moment hesitate which to choose? Scott, the most illustrious and brilliant hero this country has produced—a man who was a giant in the days of giants—the *cleve* of Jefferson—the friend and confident of those pure Republicans, Madison and Monroe—the man who rushed to the battle field at the first sound of foreign invasion—and who perilled his life and poured out his blood for the glory and independence of his country;—the man, whose great DEEDS in war and peace, fill the earth with their renown. Contemplate him from his earliest career. When a mere boy, we find him animating his countrymen to resist an insolent foreign foe, and drilling, and disciplining, and leading raw troops to the rout and confusion of Wellington's Invincibles. We see him on the plains of Chippewa leading his victorious columns, and of for the first time in a thousand years, routing superior forces the English at the point of the bayonet. A gain, on the bloody heights of Lundy's Lane, we behold him surpassing the most glorious feats in the records of chivalry;—and covering himself and his country with eternal honor. Riddled with British bullets, when borne wounded and bleeding from the field of fame, his fame, his farewell exhortation to his comrades, was to 'Charge again!' His mighty achievements in that trying night extorted from his commanding General the well merited compliment, that he deserved the highest honors a grateful country could bestow.—No fainting! No tumbling from horse back—save when his horse was shot under him—and then he rose more furious and terrible than ever.

No less wise, sagacious prudent and comprehensive in negotiations than daring in war, in all the most delicate and serious domestic difficulties which has arisen since, he has been employed by the great men who filled the Presidential chair. The mighty and omnipotent Jackson—the greatest and best—who knew men by instinct, entrusted to him the adjustment of that startling difficulty with South Carolina—by which the pillars of the Union were threatened with subversion. His prudence and his tact saved the Republic from civil war and dismemberment. Van Buren, Jackson's beloved successor, employed him to preserve the peace of the country on the Canadian frontier and again in the difficulties growing out of the Maine boundary. His great abilities were equal to every emergency. In all the great enterprises, whether of peace or war, in which, during the last forty years, he has been engaged, he has always been successful—thus surpassing even the fortune for which Cicero glorified Pompey. He had known no defeat, no reverses; his career has been one of glorious triumphs to himself and of invaluable services to his beloved country. 'And Pierce! who is he? Where did he come from? What did he ever do?—Where are his achievements in the cabinet or the field? Where are his dispatches, his speeches, his measures? Where are his victories and where are the grave-yards of his enemies? Echo answers where. His federal partisans brought him out as a great General; he went to the wars and was cried up as the hero of Mexico. But what did he do? What battle did he win? The records and his own letters prove that he never was in battle. He fell from his horse before he got his brigade into position at Contreras—he kept his tent next morning until after the enemy was routed. He then got well enough to join in the pursuit; but as soon as the enemy was overtaken, he fainted and fell! A pretty hero that! Again, on the 12th September, at Molino del Rey, when ordered to make a movement which would place him 'immediately under the guns of Chupetepac,' he was taken suddenly ill and was compelled to leave the field. He kept his bed next day, while the battle raged; but on the morning of the 14th, as soon as the fighting was over, he reported himself for duty. A proper General that!

"But his infatuated partisans say he is an accomplished civilian! An accomplished indeed! Where are the proofs of it? Where are his speeches?—What great measure did he ever originate? What enlarged and comprehensive system of policy did he ever support?

As the great J. Randolph said on another occasion, 'You can't put your finger on his services.' And where does he come from? From Yankee land—the land of Federalists and blue lights. His father before him was an old-fashioned John Adams-Sedition-law-Federalist—who voted to prohibit a Republican preacher from saying prayers before the New Hampshire Legislature, because he would not pray for the health of his Majesty, King John I.—Like ben, like chick! And what do his party know of him? What does Isaac Hill, the man who raised him, say about him? Did he call him a heartless attorney, cold as a frozen frog? Didn't he say he 'does worse than most merchandise of the laws, and oppress and ruin his neighbors for the sake of gain.' What sort of a President is that for this great Democratic country? A shocking attorney!—What did the illustrious John Randolph say about such characters? Hear him:—'If I must have a master, give me one whom I can respect, rather than a scoundrel of KNAVISH ATTORNEYS.' But what more did Isaac Hill say? We like to quote from his own party. Hear him.

What would Frank Pierce have been in New Hampshire if he had not been helped by the influence of Isaac Hill? This man, who has repeatedly disgraced himself and State at Washington by his drunken sprees, and who, although now President of the New Hampshire Temperance Society, within the last few weeks has proved that he has not forgotten his old habits; this man who resigned his office of Senator for a few months before the close of the session for the purpose of taking up the business of pettyfogging and increasing law suits and expenses of litigation at the capital of the State (see his writ in another place,) this man who condemns radical resters in some places and supports and defends radical resters in other places; this man, who helped John P. Hale and Charles Lane to plunder the Treasury at Washington of thousands of dollars; this man who has subscribed his name to hundreds of electioneering letters by writing 'F. Pierce,' as a Senator of Congress, repeating a lie every time he thus writes it; that he now is what he is not; this man has recently in effect, repeated the charge from a lying tongue perhaps for the hundredth time, that the opposition to Henry Hubbard in this State originates in the promise of Isaac Hill made at Washington to sell the State of New Hampshire as a consideration for a contract for blanks, wrapping paper and twine!"

"He knows the charges he makes against Isaac Hill to be a base misrepresentation and falsehood." &c.

"Here we have this great Federal chief charged by his own party with disgraceful drunkenness—with aiding in the plunder of the Treasury, with pettyfogging, with political duplicity, and with deliberate falsehood. And lately, we hear that he had his jaws slapped at a card table in Mexico. Good gracious! What are we coming to? A fainting hero—a slumped jawed Yankee—a Freesoil pettyfogger aspiring to the seat of Washington and Jackson! Oh monstrous infatuation! Do the deluded Whigs for a moment imagine that the freedom of this country—the civil rights, State Rights Republicans of Virginia, would submit to be governed by such a Ruler?—Their object must be to bring Republican

THE HERALD.

THURSDAY, - OCTOBER 12, 1852.

For all Communications addressed to the Editor must be pre-paid.
Single copies of the HERALD for sale at the Office. Price, 5 cents.

WHIG TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
WINFIELD SCOTT.
For Vice President,
WILLIAM A. GRAHAM.
Electors for the State at Large.

JOSHUA F. BELL,
Of Boyle.
CHARLES S. MOREHEAD,
Of Franklin.

District Electors.
1st District—Lucien Anderson, of Graves.
2d do J. S. McFarland, of Davies.
3d do John G. Rogers, of Barren.
4th do Thos. E. Bramlette, of Adair.
5th do John L. Helm, of Hardin.
6th do C. F. Barham, of Madison.
7th do John Redman, of Oldham.
8th do Thos. E. Marshall, of Fleming.
9th do Leander M. Cox, of Woodford.
10th do T. B. Stevenson, of Mason.

Atlantic and Pacific Canal.

Mr. Catherwood, the artist, has left New York for Chagres, in connexion with the London project of constructing a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien. The N. Y. Post furnishes the following particulars:

This route has the advantage of any others proposed, that it is shorter and is to be constructed as to accommodate vessels of every dimensions and tonnage. It is designed to communicate between San Miguel on the Pacific, and the nearest point on the opposite shore—a distance of about fifty miles; of which only thirty would require to be cut, the remaining twenty being navigable by a small river which empties into the Gulf of Darien.

It is proposed to make the canal thirty feet deep, and to construct it without locks, which the formation of the country and the peculiar tidal currents of the two opposite waters seem to make it not only practicable but preferable.

It has been ascertained that the waters in the Caribbean Sea rise and fall 24 inches while that of the Pacific rise and fall 24 feet. This curious ordination of nature, would give to the waters of a canal communication between the two seas, a tide each way once a day, with twelve feet head—a sufficient motive force to deliver vessels from one side to the other in a single tide without any other propulsion, thus rendering the tow path and locomotive power of all kinds, superfluous whether for sail vessels or steamboats.

The deepest cut to be made in the whole distance is only one hundred and twenty-five feet, and the cost is estimated at £7,000,000. The prominent parties to the project in London are Messrs. Fox & Henderson, the architects of the Crystal Palace. They have procured a survey to be made by Mr. Gibson, an eminent English engineer, from whose report we gather most of the foregoing particulars. Abbott Lawrence, our late Minister to England, also, is understood to have an interest in the enterprise.

From the character of the parties, and the encouraging tenor of Mr. Gibson's report, there is reason to hope that a ship canal is destined finally to be opened between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans in New Grenada.

SCOTT IN LOUISIANA.—There are every day new and cheering indications of the growing popularity of General Scott in this State. His supporters—and even the most cautious and intelligent of them—are confident that the voice of Louisiana will be not the least hearty and enthusiastic in the throng of her sister States uniting in common phalanx to call him to the Presidential chair, and under his lead to win for him, in November next, a new victory.

Letters from every section of the State speak in the most cheerful and hopeful tone. Every where the friends of "Old Chippewa," counting in their host not a few of their Democratic fellow-citizens, are moving in his behalf, and the opposition to him is totally wanting in energy and zeal. We scarcely open a single exchange from the parishes, which, whether Whig or Democratic, is not filled with notices or announcements of Scott and Graham rallies.—N. O. Crescent, Sept. 21.

The French Government, in order to maintain the right of Peru to the Lobos Islands, has notified the ship-masters of Havre, who are desirous of taking part in the guano spoils, that it will not afford any protection to French vessels that may proceed to the island to load guano.—An adventurous French captain who might proceed on such an expedition would run the risk of being punished as a robber. As France and England have both recognized the claims of Peru, it follows that the United States cannot do otherwise.

CANINE SAGACITY.—I was travelling, says M. Blaise, in a diligence. At the place where we changed horses I saw a good-looking poodle dog, which came to the coach door and sat upon his two hind legs, with the air of one begging for something. "Give him a son," said the postillion to me, "and you will see what he will do with it."—I threw to him the coin; he picked it up, then he to the baker's and brought back a piece of bread, which he ate. The dog had belonged to a poor blind man, lately dead; he had no master, and begged alms on his own account.

A fellow coming out of a tavern one frosty morning, rather top heavy, fell on the door step, trying to regain his footing, he remarked—
"If it be true that the wicked stand on slippery places, I must belong to a different class, for it's more than I can do."

The Electoral Vote in 1852.

The following is the full Electoral vote of the several States for 1852:

Maine	8
New Hampshire	5
Vermont	5
Massachusetts	13
Rhode Island	4
Connecticut	6
New York	35
New Jersey	7
Pennsylvania	27
Delaware	3
Maryland	8
Virginia	15
North Carolina	10
South Carolina	7
Georgia	10
Florida	3
Ohio	23
Indiana	13
Illinois	11
Iowa	4
Wisconsin	5
Michigan	6
Kentucky	12
Missouri	9
Alabama	6
Louisiana	6
Tennessee	12
Mississippi	7
Arkansas	4
Texas	4
California	4

Whole number of votes 295
Necessary to a choice 148.
Slave States, including Delaware, 15; electoral vote, 119. Free States, 16; electoral vote, 176.

At a small town where Jenny Lind and Barnum had stopped to rest, the latter told the folks that if they would raise him \$1500 he would let them hear Jenny sing. The proposition was agreed to, and a large barn was procured, which comfortably held about 500 people, which at \$3 per ticket made up the sum demanded. The audience seemed delighted and satisfied, and as Jenny was singing her last song for the night, the "Bird Song"—a tall hoosier looking fellow, who seemed to think that he had been "sorter" taken in \$3 worth, exclaimed, on Jenny repeating the words,

"I know not, I know not why I am singing."
"The darndest ye don't! Well, I can tell ye—ye are singing for \$500 a lick—\$3 a top-knot all round; and there's no use in tellin' folks you don't know why ye singing. I guess dad's corn will find out." A dreadful explosion took place, and Barnum was found among the ruins of the big fiddle. So the story goes.

CRYING BABIES.—The subjoined article is sent to the New York Sun by a correspondent. We copy it for the sake of suffering humanity:

Having heard of an important discovery made some years ago, of a ready mode of silencing squalling children, I lately on board of a car, on my way from Newark here, embraced an opportunity of testing its virtues, with the most satisfactory result, upon one of the loudest and most incorrigible little squallers, I think, that ever shocked my weak nerves. The process is a very simple one. All I did was to press one finger gently and repeatedly across the cartilage of the child's nose, and in less than a minute, to the great amusement of the passengers, it was fast asleep. Believing so desirable a piece of information should be generally known, I have concluded to give it publicly.

Sally Ann Sharp's Curiosities.

"Pa, do chimneys make pictures?"
"No, child; why do you ask?"
"Why, I heard Mr. Lampledon say ours draws well."
"Ma, have steamboat boilers wings?"
"Oh, don't bother me—no!"
"Why, I heard a gentleman talk about a boiler fue."
"Pa, can that gold ring of ma's run?"
"No, child, no."
"Well, I heard a gentleman say that it was chased."
"Ma, can steamboat wheels hug?"
"No, child, what put such a thought into our head?"
"Why, I heard a man talking about wheel-arms, I did."
[To be continued as soon as the creek falls.]

Napoleon was one day searching for a book in the library of Malmaison, and a length discovered it on a shelf somewhat above his reach. Marshal Monecy, who was present, one of the tallest men in the army, stepped forward, saying, "Permit me, sire; I am higher than your majesty." "You are longer, Marshal," said the Emperor, with a frown.

New Advertisements.

NOTICE TO FEEDERS & DROVERS.
JACKSON, OWLS, LEY & CO. offer the following PRIZES for the best lot of HOGS slaughtered and packed at their packing-house in this city (Louisville, Ky.) the ensuing season:

For the best lot of 1,000 Hogs, a handsome SILVER COFFER URN.
For the best lot of 500 Hogs, a handsome SILVER MILK PITCHER.
For the best lot of 250 Hogs, a handsome SILVER CREAM PITCHER.
Prizes to be awarded at the close of the packing season, when the awards will be published. [Louisville Journal.]

HITE, MUIR & HITE,

HAVING dissolved Partnership in the practice of the Law,

G. W. HITE, T. M. HITE.

HITE & SON

Will practice at the same Office, in Bardonia, Ky. Any business confided to them shall be promptly attended to in Nelson and all the surrounding counties.

September 23—fw

Nathaniel Wickliffe and R. Logan Wickliffe

COUNSELLORS AND ATTORNEYS

AT LAW,

Bardonia, Kentucky:

Office in "Sweet's Row," fronting the Public Square.

WILL attend the Courts in this and the adjoining Counties. All business confided to them will be punctually attended to.

A LARGE assortment of Satin, Silk and Cassimere VESTS arrived and for sale by

RAUH & BRO.

Special Notices.

Messrs. JOHNSTON & GIBBONS, Proprietors, of the Louisville "Mercantile Advertiser," are authorized to act as Agents for the Bardonia Herald for Louisville and Jefferson county. [Oct. 14.]

MASONIC.

Rowan Chapter No. 31, of Royal Arch Masons, meet regularly on the 2nd Saturday in each month. Major Barbour Lodge No. 181, A. Y. M., meets regularly on the 2nd Monday [count court day] and on the 4th Monday in each month. Duval Lodge No. 99, A. Y. M., meet regularly on the 1st and 3rd Saturdays in each month. Transient brothers in good standing are respectfully invited to attend.

I. O. O. F.

Sisco Lodge No. 58 of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows meets regularly every Wednesday Evening. Transient brothers in good standing are respectfully invited to attend.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Nelson Division No. 45 Sons of Temperance meet regularly every Saturday Evening. Transient brothers are invited to attend.

E CLAMPSUS VITIS.

Wapsipinico Lodge meets regularly on the first Monday in each month at 7 o'clock, P. M. Transient brethren are invited to attend.

(Advertisement)

Dr. GUYOTT'S IMPROVED Extract of Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla is a sure remedy for Hereditary Taint.

Thousands of individuals are cursed with grievous complaints, which they inherit from their parents. The use of the Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla will prevent all this, and save a vast amount of misery, and many valuable lives, for it thoroughly expels from the system the latent taint, which is the seed of disease, and so takes off the curse by which the sins or misfortunes of the parents are so often visited upon the innocent offspring.

Parents owe it to their children to guard them against the effects of maladies that may be communicated by descent, and children of parents that have at any time been affected with Consumption, Scrofula or Syphilis, owe it to themselves to take precaution against the disease being revived in them.—Guyott's Extract of Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla is a sure antidote in such cases. See advertisement.

(Advertisement)

ANOTHER SCIENTIFIC WONDER!

IMPORTANT TO DYSPEPSICS.—Dr. J. S. HOUGHTON'S PEPIN, The True Digestive Fluid, or Gastric Juice, prepared from RENNET, or the Fourth Stomach of the Ox, under directions of Baron LIEBIG, the great Physiological Chemist, by J. S. HOUGHTON, M. D., This is truly a wonderful remedy for INDIGESTION, DYSPESIA, JAUNDICE, LIVER COMPLAINT, CONSTIPATION, and DEBILITY, curing after NATURE'S OWN METHOD, by NATURE'S OWN AGENT, the GASTRIC JUICE, Pamphlets, containing scientific evidences of its value, furnished by agents gratis. See notice among the medical advertisements.

(Advertisement)

In our columns may be found the advertisement of that excellent medicine known as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Its success in curing the various diseases of the Lungs is attracting universal attention, not only of the learned philanthropist, but of the whole public. The article undoubtedly is what it pretends to be, a remedy for Lung Complaints, and the remarkable cures which are becoming known every where cannot long be overlooked by the people.

CIRCULAR

OF THE
BARDONIA FEMALE ACADEMY.

THE next Session of this Institution will open as usual on the First Monday of September, and continue through two consecutive Terms of Twenty-two weeks each. The course of instruction is liberal and thorough; the Teachers in the several Departments are of the first character; the Discipline is as Home-like as it can be made; and the accommodations, in respect to the Boarding, are of the most comfortable and well-ventilated. We feel justified while we once more earnestly invite the attention and solicit the patronage of those who desire to afford their daughters an accomplished education, based on the principles and conducted according to the liberal scale of Protestantism.

CHARGES.—TERM OF FIVE MONTHS.

Regular Course.

Primary Department.....\$20.00
Junior do.....\$12.00
Senior do.....\$10.00

Extra Course.

Instruction on Harp, with use Instrument.....\$30.00
do do do.....\$20.00
Drawing, plain and colored, Crayons.....\$12.00
Painting water colors and oils.....\$15.00
French, Latin, or Greek, each.....\$10.00

Board in Institution, including Washing, Lights Fuel in Bed Rooms, \$2 per week.

Charge for use of Books in the Academy Library, and use of Chemical and Philosophical Apparatus not to exceed \$3.50 per Term. These at the option of Patrons.

Bardonia is remarkable for its healthfulness. It is easy of access by good turnpike roads from Louisville, Nashville, Harrodsburg, &c., and having a Telegraph office, ready communication may be had between the pupils and patrons of the Academy. Communications addressed to the Principal, or to any member of the Board of Trustees, will receive prompt attention.

J. V. COSBY, Principal.

TRUSTEES.—Charles Nourse, J. Wood Wilson, T. P. Litchum, Joseph Brown, Hon. C. A. Wickliffe, Wm. Sutherland, Jacob Rizer, Thomas S. Little, James M. Doan.

Bardonia Ky., Aug. 12, 1852.

Musical Instruments for Sale.

Remember that I have opened a **Shoe Shop** in the little frame building on Main st. opposite the Mansion House, where I will make to order Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Boots and Shoes a little cheaper, for cash, than any one else in Bardonia. I will use the best material, and the work shall be made as neat and as durable as any that can be had elsewhere.

Magistrate's Office at the same place.

AUGUSTUS MASON.

Aug. 26, 1852.—32-ly

A LOT of Superfine CLOAKS—just arrived and for sale by

RAUH & BRO.

A FULL supply of Silk, Wool and Cotton

under SHIRTS and DRAWERS for sale cheap by

RAUH & BRO.

The following invitation which was copy from the Danville Tribune, is soul stirring:

Grand Whig Mass Meeting.

RALLY, WHIGS, RALLY!!

The Whigs of Boyle and the adjoining counties, will hold a grand **Basket Meeting**, at CALDWELL'S MEETING HOUSE, in Boyle county, on Monday, October 25th 1852.

Hon. C. S. MOREHEAD,
J. B. THOMPSON,
R. P. LETCHER,
J. F. BELL,
J. L. HELLM,
J. SPEED SMITH,
T. F. MARSHALL,

And a host of other good Whigs, will be in attendance, and will address the people. Come one!—Come all!!!

Come from the hills where your cattle are grazing,

Come from the glen of the buck and the doe,

Come from the woods where the Scott fire is blazing,

Come from the plains and the valleys below;

Come from the peaks where the eagles are screaming,

Come from the forests where wild flowers bloom,

Come from the cottage where young Hope is dreaming,

Come, and dispel from our country its gloom.

Come upon horseback, but come without tumbling!

Come in your carriages, wagons and carts,

Come where the thunder of freemen is rumbling,

Come and replenish the hope of your hearts,

Come in good spirits, and come without fainting!

Come with your neighbors, your friends and what not—

Come, for the truth will be quite animating,

Come, and hear orators talk about Scott.

There will be room enough for all, and plenty of provisions for thousands!

The people of Kentucky, Whigs and Democrats, are invited to attend. The Ladies are especially requested to come and cheer us onward in the glorious work of elevating the gallant Chieftain to the Presidency.

HURRAH FOR SCOTT AND GRAHAM!!!

Miscellaneous.

SAMUEL CARPENTER & SON,

Attorneys at Law,

Bardonia, Ky.

SAMUEL CARPENTER has resumed the practice of Law, and will in partnership with S. L. CARPENTER, Jr., practice in Nelson and the surrounding counties and the Court of Appeals. All business entrusted to their care promptly attended to. [Jan. 14, 1852]

WONDERFUL PROOF!

Dr. Blackwell's

Compound Sirup of Sarsaparilla and Iris Versicolor.

IN this age of humbuggery, it behoves every one to guard with a suspicious eye in the interests of individuals and cliques. And even then the dazzling splendor of outward show insinuates itself into the fancy of many, and they become willing dupes to unwholesome ends. Thus it is we see Mesmerism, Clairvoyance, and Spiritual Rappings, absorbing too much of the attention of rational and intelligent beings, even to the detriment of their prepossession. All feeling an interest in their own, and the welfare of the community, and in the further extension of that which is useful, we would recommend to their serious consideration

Dr. Blackwell's Compound Sirup of Sarsaparilla and Iris Versicolor,

and request the same investigation, by way of trial, that has been extended to other objects of less importance. He asserts its superiority to any similar compound ever yet introduced, and desires the public to produce its equal for the cure of the following Diseases: Scrofula, or Kings Evil, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Female Diseases, Eruptions of the Skin, Scalled Glands, and all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood.

LOUISVILLE, June 3, 1852.

Dr. Blackwell—Dear Sir: I wish through this medium to inform you of the success of your Sarsaparilla upon my little daughter.

She is now eight years of age. From her infancy she has been troubled with a breaking out over her body, resembling Scrofula. At times her arms and legs were covered over with large running sores. Towards the close of last winter she grew so much worse than she had been before, that I became alarmed, and was about making application to a Physician when I accidentally heard of your Sarsaparilla as being a GREAT PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD. I immediately procured a bottle and commenced its use.

Before the first was used I could see no marked change for the BETTER. Continued its use until the third bottle was taken, when an EXTERIOR CURE was effected. I am now happy to say she enjoys better health than she ever did before. In justice to you I must say I consider your Sarsaparilla one of the best medicines now in use for purifying the blood, and curing all diseases arising from its impurity. With this pleasure accept my most sincere thanks and well wishes.

J. A. DOUGHERTY.

Here is the opinion of a Physician of the city, whose statement cannot be called in question:

Dr. I. P. Blackwell—Sir: In reply to yours I will state, that I have examined your receipt for your Compound Sirup of Sarsaparilla and Iris Versicolor, and consider it an excellent ATTERVATIVE Compound.

Respectfully, J. M. BUCKLEY, M. D.

Prepared and for sale wholesale and retail by FAUGHN & BLACKWELL, Louisville: Also by DR. D. H. COX, Bardonia.

As you pass thro' this world of contention and strife,

Where Dollars, not Sense, have command

Where Symples with feelings of avarice rife,

The very last cent will demand:

Remember that I have opened a **Shoe Shop** in the little frame building on Main st. opposite the Mansion House, where I will make to order Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Boots and Shoes a little cheaper, for cash, than any one else in Bardonia. I will use the best material, and the work shall be made as neat and as durable as any that can be had elsewhere.

Magistrate's Office at the same place.

AUGUSTUS MASON.

Aug. 26, 1852.—32-ly

A FULL supply of Silk, Wool and Cotton

under SHIRTS and DRAWERS for sale cheap by

RAUH & BRO.

Patent Medicines.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

JAUNDICE, DYSPESIA, CHRONIC OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver and Stomach, such as Constipation, in ward Piles, Fullness or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heart-burn, disgust for Food, Fullness, or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Head-ache, and Diff-

cult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying posture, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and dull Pain in the Head, Debility or Perspiration, Yellowness of the skin and eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great Depression of Spirit, can be effectually cured by

DR. HOOFLAND'S

CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS,

PREPARED BY

DR. C. M. JACKSON,

AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,

120, Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Their power over the above diseases is not excelled—if equalled—by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures attest, in many cases after skillful physicians have failed.

These Bitters are worthy the attention of invalids. Possessing great virtues in the rectification of diseases of the Liver and lesser glands, exercising the most searching powers in weakness and affections of the digestive organs, they are, withal, safe, certain, and pleasant.

READ AND BE CONVINCED.

From the "Boston Bee."

The Editor said, Dec. 22d.

Dr. Hooiland's Celebrated German Bitters for the cure of Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, is deservedly one of the most popular medicines of the day.—These Bitters have been used by thousands, and a friend at our elbow says he has himself received an effectual and permanent cure of Liver Complaint from the use of this remedy. We are convinced that, in the use of these Bitters, the patient constantly regains vigor—a fact worthy of great consideration. They are pleasant to the taste and smell, and can be used by persons with the most delicate stomachs with safety, under any circumstances. We are speaking from experience, and to the afflicted we advise their use.

"SCOTT'S WEEKLY," one of the best Literary papers published, said, Aug. 25.

"Dr. Hooiland's German Bitters, manufactured by Dr. Jackson, are now recommended by some of the most prominent members of the faculty as an article of much efficacy in cases of female weakness. As such is the case, we would advise all mothers to obtain a bottle, and thus save themselves much sickness. Persons of debilitated constitutions will find these bitters advantageous to their health, as we know from experience the salutary effect they have upon weak systems."

MORE EVIDENCE.

The Hon. C. H. Hineine, Mayor of the city of